

**OLY CROSS**

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# HOLY CROSS...

... A monthly magazine devoted to giving information on the Religious Life in the Episcopal Church, and setting forth the Catholic Faith as the basis of devout practice. Published by the Order of the Holy Cross, a monastic community of priests and laymen of the Episcopal Church. The Reverend Father Superior O.H.C., Editor.

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# THE

**T**EN YEARS ago I had the good fortune to spend a few days at Colombes, that grimy industrial town north and west of Paris. It is not the memory of the town, however, that carries me back with fond affection to those days. Rather, it is the memory of the great Abbé Michonneau and the electrifying effect he had on me from the first moment I laid eyes on him.

Those were the days just after the English edition of *REVOLUTION IN A CITY PARISH* and just prior to his even greater work, in my opinion, *MISSIONARY SPIRIT IN PARISH LIFE*. The famous abbé had completed his "revolution" at Sacre Coeur and had just been transferred to St. Pierre et St. Paul, a parish two miles closer to the

center of Colombes.

I arrived on a bustling Sunday morning. The parvis before the church was thronged with people and inside the Mass was being celebrated in the best tradition according to the new liturgical insights. What I shall never forget about that first day, however, was the level of participation on the part of the people. The church, yes the people, were so enormously Spirit-filled that tears of joy filled my eyes. The power of Pentecost is known even in these days, I thought. The Abbé's sermon followed the stirring line of the old Spanish proverb, "He who would enkindle must first glow."

The next morning I was up for an early Mass and again I knew I was with a militant apostolate.

**By Francis W. Voelcker**



## SPECIAL GIFT



was eager for my ten o'clock appointment to arrive. I wanted to discover the "secret" of it all. (I'm afraid in those days that I was looking for a magical formula rather than for real understanding.)

My reception was warm, indeed. In fact, as I recall that morning, it was a bit overwhelming. One of the "team" let me in and immediately started chatting in a fast French. Since I judged these to be statements of social grace, I was not so startled at what seemed to be a failure of what I consider fairly good French on my part. The good French did fail me when a spirited discussion of the priesthood of the laity followed. One of the team rescued me from time to time by using his

good English, and thus I was able to follow what was going on.

In the process of the morning two things were said that startled me then and continued to command my deepest thoughts. "The trouble with most priests is they don't believe in Baptism," and "Most clergy do not understand the meaning of priesthood." These shocking statements provided a key to the way these French priests related to their congregation. In Baptism, they pointed out, we receive the fullness of the Risen, glorified Christ. We are engrafted into His Body and the whole treasury of heaven becomes ours. If we receive Christ fully, they contended, then do we not also receive His priesthood? This was something I had never thought

about. Another thought came into my head which caused much thinking. What, then, happens at Ordination? What had I received when I was ordained if I already had the fullness of priesthood?

After the liberation of France, the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, Emmanuel Suhard, became something of a modern St. Francis. He is reported to have said, "My life as Archbishop cloisters me and cuts me off from humanity in its sufferings, hopes, sins and virtues. You (the militants of the proletarian missions) must help me, inform me, make me know my people and meet them. How can I be the guardian of the city, the Good Pastor, if you don't help me know my sheep? Do you realize that you are responsible with me for my bishopric, my diocese?" It was a daily and unusual experience to find the Cardinal in the homes of humble laity and in workers' kitchens. This man was the great motivator of the band of priests and laity who were waging the battle of the Mission de France. My friends of Colombes were highly smitten with the Cardinal, and I felt in order to understand the statements that shook me, I had to read something of Suhard.

Among the writings of Emmanuel Cardinal Suhard is a long pastoral letter entitled **PRIEST AMONG MEN**. This celebrated pastoral makes it explicitly clear that there is one Priest only, namely Christ Himself. "Christ has not merely fulfilled the function of a priest; He was Priest; He is essentially Priest." Our Lord is not just a

higher kind of priest. He is the whole priesthood and includes all priesthood in Himself. The priesthood is not some-thing; it is some-one: Christ.

Since priesthood is Christ, then it would follow that priests are extensions in the world of the eternal Word. The priest is an envoy, a delegate of God among men. Still, is it not the Church, all those baptized into the Mystical Body of Christ, which shares this sacerdotal mediation of Christ? Those, then, whom we call priests are not set apart from the Church. We return to the same question. If all Christians are mediators already, how are the priests mediators?

Here we must search the New Testament to find a possible answer. The writings of St. Paul in so many instances remind us of the different kinds of mediation that Christians have. To cite just one isolated passage, Romans 12:4 sums it up quite clearly. "For as we have many members in one body, all the members have not the same office." And in the next verse we learn of the interdependence of all members, despite their office: "So we being many are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another."

The Mission de France understood clearly the necessary common requirement of all baptized, namely, to mediate the redemptive love of The Priest. Yet, they also saw the ordained priest as having a different function (or office) in the multi-possible approach to mediation. The truth they reestablished in practice is the interde-



endence of the ordained and  
y priests; something that in  
actice had been forgotten. In-  
eed, in effect, the meaning of  
aptism had been forgotten. The  
onderful thing of Colombes is  
at the interdependence pro-  
uced a strong apostolate, the  
ery same apostolate all Chris-  
ans should be involved in  
ctively.

What is the office of the or-  
ained priest as the Prayer Book  
ees it? After all, the Ordination  
ervice itself should be a primary  
ource if we would discover the  
ind of the Church.

Early in the Service for The  
rding of Priests one is struck  
ith the emphasis on the pastoral  
unction. In both Gospels appoin-  
d for this service there is refer-  
ce to the shepherding role. In-  
eed, the longer Gospel is the  
reat Good Shepherd passage  
om St. John. The beautiful ex-  
ortation which follows the Gospel  
efines quite explicitly the office  
nd charge to which the ordained  
riest is called, "that is to say, to  
e Messengers, Watchmen, and  
tewards of the Lord; to teach,  
nd to premonish, to feed and  
rovide for the Lord's family; to  
eek for Christ's sheep that are  
dispersed abroad, and for his  
ildren who are in the midst of  
his naughty world, that they may  
e saved through Christ for ever."  
gain, it seems to me that the  
astoral function is preeminent.  
However, if this pastoral func-  
on is seen in the limited way  
at it is normally understood,  
en the widest meaning is lost.  
pastor gathers sheep; he leads

them to pasture. Furthermore, he  
watches the sheep so that they are  
not led astray. The analogy is a  
good one. Priests must gather  
their flocks, not only the faithful  
but those who are straying as  
well. In every possible way they  
must see to it that the sheep are  
fed, sacramentally, educationally,  
"pastorally," and clergy must not  
forget to feed them in terms of  
their office as well.

So, then, there is but one priest-  
hood, the priesthood of Christ. All  
of us share in this priesthood by  
virtue of our Baptisms. How we  
mediate this priesthood is related  
to the "office" and talents of each  
individual. The Church ordains a  
sacred priesthood and charges  
that priesthood with a particular  
office within the Body of Christ.  
If one word could be used to de-  
scribe this office, it would be "pas-  
tor," the great "feeder." His "feed-  
ing," however, must always be  
mindful of the vocation of the lay  
priests, all of whom in unique  
ways must be sent forth to the  
front line of battle. Both minis-  
tries work together to mediate  
Christ to the world which, as St.  
Paul tells us, "groaneth for  
redemption."

Clergy around the world, like  
those at Colombes, are seeing  
more and more the functions of  
priesthood within the Body of  
Christ. A greater understanding  
of these various functions, both  
lay and ordained, in the opinion  
of many great theologians within  
the Church, will cause the Church  
to be more militant in the sharing  
of the Eternal Priesthood with the  
world. •

## ARE WE AFRAID OF ENTHUSIASM?

By Fredrick A. Barnhill

**A**S A RECENT convert to the Anglican branch of the Holy Catholic Church, I confess that I am somewhat overwhelmed by the apparent paradox of a Church affirming its Apostolic origin, and the fear that possesses us when confronted by an occasional manifestation of the Holy Spirit's power among us. We teach our people that the Church is "Holy; because the Holy Spirit dwells in it, and sanctifies its members; . . . Apostolic; because it continues steadfastly in the Apostles' teaching and fellowship." But clergy and laity alike are all too often indifferent, to say the least, and often quite hostile, in the face of indications of enthusiasm in preaching, praying or personal witnessing.

It is true that I found this same indifference and hostility in the liberal Protestant denomination from which I came, but it is disillusioning to find it so wide spread in a Church that repeatedly confesses its faith in "the Holy Ghost, the Lord, and Giver of life." I suppose I must conclude that fearful conservatism is no respecter of antiquity, and that the same disposition that mockingly judged the manifestation of the Spirit's power at Pentecost — "These men are full of new wine" — is still among us.

If the conclusion were as simple as that, however, I should not be unduly disturbed. The brutal truth is that our present distrust of enthusiasm is turning large numbers of sincere inquirers to those groups

which we comfortably identify as the "lunatic fringe."

I was recently approached by a distressed mother and father who reported that their university educated son and daughter-in-law had joined Jehovah's Witnesses. "What a shocking thing," the mother said, "to think of my son standing on a San Francisco street corner distributing tracts." I sincerely tried to comfort them, but I could not rid my mind of pictures of two other of the Church's "fanatics"—St. Peter and St. Paul.

Many of us are rightfully concerned with the increasingly large number of our college students devoting themselves to left wing political movements. Some of them with a fanatical enthusiasm for world communism. Yet, when we stop to think of it, what comparable challenge for adventurous young people does the average church offer? A young college woman may find opportunity for working in the Church Bazaar, or she may eventually ascend the scale and be permitted to iron the Altar linens. A college man may qualify as an usher or get elected to the Vestry, where forever after he will be preoccupied by the responsibility of raising sufficient funds to pay the rector and the sexton. Now all of these jobs are important, but none is very exciting.

Some years ago a young woman in Concord, New Hampshire, went to her pastor for help in understanding the New Testament's apparent insistence upon our Lord's healing power. Her questions frightened him nearly to



death, and so she turned to other counsel. That young woman was Mary Baker Eddy and her frightened pastor is at least partially responsible for the Christian Science movement.

Several months ago I wrote an article for the LIVING CHURCH on "A Plea for Passion in Preaching." The response from across the country was most gratifying, but my young priest friend of mine reported his experience as a somewhat disillusioning incident. "I decided," he said, "to put your plea into practice. I prayed seriously and planned carefully. Then, on the following Sunday, I went into the pulpit and began to preach I felt a power I had never experienced before. When I had finished I was convinced that I had really preached the Gospel to my people with sincere enthusiasm! I felt good all over. But the first person to greet me at the church door," he continued, "was one of my fine ladies, and her only comment was, 'Father, you forgot to announce the Rummage Sale.' " Making due allowance for the devil's combative influence in such a situation, I think we must all conclude that here is a frequently repeated example of how our people can take pulpit enthusiasm lying down, without missing a wink!

Just to refresh my memory, I took out my Concordance today and quickly ran through the references to the Holy Ghost. Here are just a few examples of what I found:

"But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you . . ." Acts 1:8

"Then Peter, filled with the Holy Ghost, said to them, Rulers of the people and elders . . . be it known to you all, and to all the people of Israel, that by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom you crucified . . ." Acts 4:8-10

" . . . and they chose Stephen, a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost . . ." Acts 6:5

" . . . the Holy Ghost said, separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." Acts 13:2

" . . . because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost..." Romans 5:5

" . . . the Kingdom of God is righteousness and joy and peace in the Holy Ghost . . ." Romans 14:17

and there are countless other references. All of them emphasize that those so filled possess power, joy, enthusiasm, zeal for the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Now, just what is enthusiasm? The basic dictionary definition states that the word comes from the Greek "en theos" meaning Divine possession or inspiration. Incidentally an insurance executive, whose motto is "Nothing Great is ever achieved without enthusiasm," pointed this out to me one day. Enthusiasm is God at work in us and nothing less! The devil fears enthusiasm on the part of God's children, and he tries to convince us that it is only an abnormal emotionalism at work.

Without enthusiasm at Pentecost, the Gospel would never have cleared the Jerusalem city limits. If the Gospel today is ever to get

beyond the gothic walls of our comfortable churches, we will have to have more enthusiasm than is presently apparent.

I am fully cognizant of the ever great danger of "zeal without knowledge." I am no apostle of emotional chaos. But I am sure the Church has erred long enough on the side of caution. It is high time the world again began to think of us as a "peculiar people"—fanatics if you please. For here again the dictionary comes to our aid: "A fanatic is one inspired by divinity, enthusiastic, frantic."

St. Paul tells us in Galatians 5:22 that "the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance . . ." Certainly half of these express themselves in us emotionally. Why then are we so fearful?

I am perfectly willing to accept the Church's admonition to decency and order. I am much happier to receive a rousing "And with thy spirit" in place of an erratic "Hallelujah!" I go along comfortably with hats for women worshippers and silence in the church before the service begins. But I am not shocked by an enthusiastic layman who presses the claims of Jesus Christ upon a profane companion in a bus, or an inspired laywomen who takes "tea time" at a Guild meeting to report on Evangelism! I wasn't surprised when a group of my youth came to me with a request that they invite themselves to join the Salvation Army street meeting one Sunday evening—but I was disappointed at their parents negative reaction!

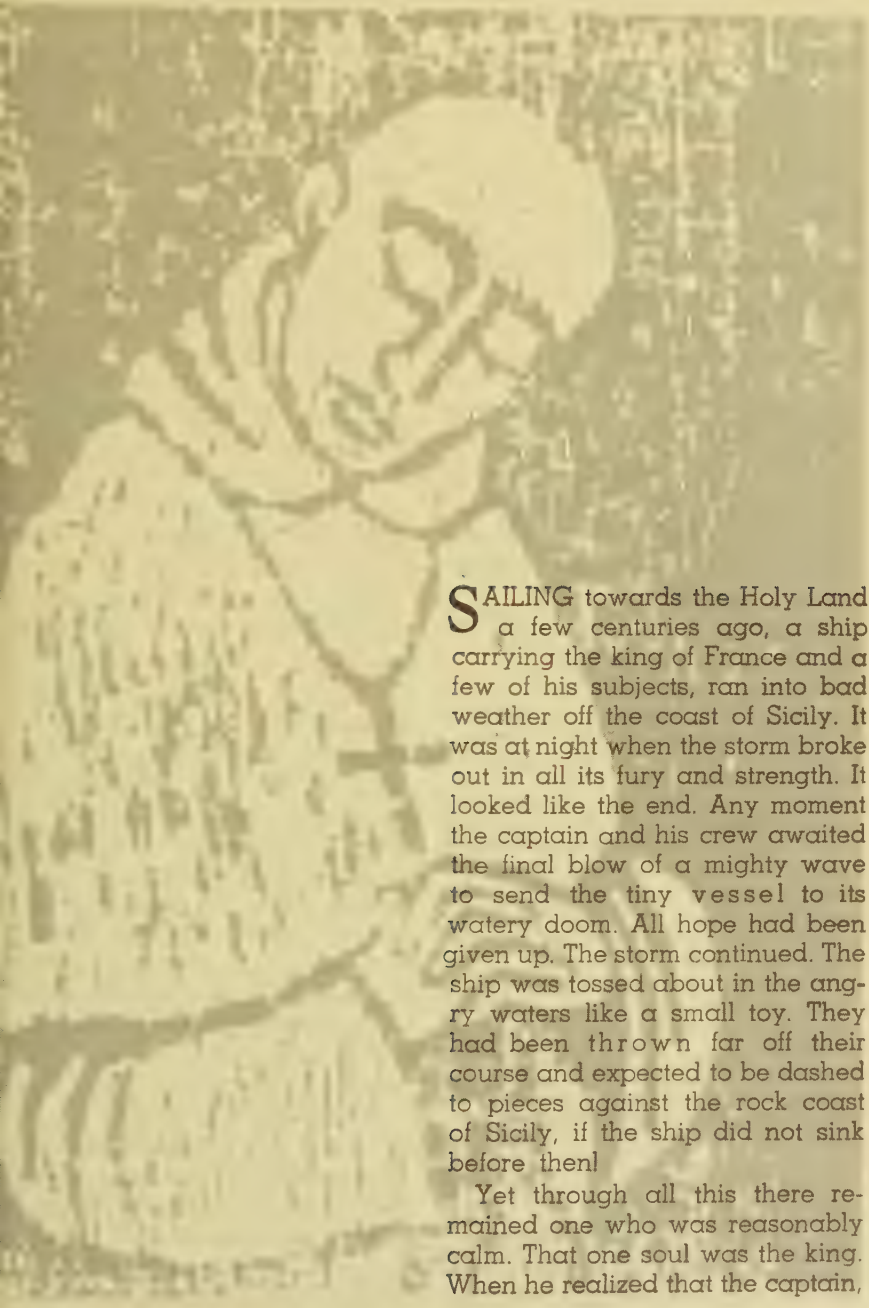
Some manifestations of the Holy Ghost are painfully strange to me. I can't even imagine why such are necessary. But I am no more surprised at these than to read of the presentation of a Jazz Mass in conservative Connecticut. My only surprise is in discovering that we grow so fearful when such manifestations occur—that we haven't the grace to inquire if the Holy Ghost is actually working in our Church.

Fear of the unusual has dulled our sensitivity to the power of the Holy Ghost working among us. Some years ago I had a wealthy alcoholic friend who was converted to Christ in the Church I served. That it was a genuine conversion is amply evidenced in that ever since he has lived a normal happy Christian life. He was so overjoyed to be freed from the demon that possessed him that he came to the church with a considerable offer of money to accomplish a project long on the shelf. While my board was most anxious to accept the gift, their evident distrust of the Spirit's working was manifested by an insistence that the man and his wife sign a note to the effect that, if he relapsed before the project was paid for, his wife would make good the gift. We are afraid to trust the saving power of God's Spirit!

Dwight L. Moody is reported once to have said, "The world has yet to see what a man wholly yielded to the Holy Spirit can do. In our present state of fear, this desperate world has a long way coming! •



# CALLED TO PRAYER



**S**AILING towards the Holy Land a few centuries ago, a ship carrying the king of France and a few of his subjects, ran into bad weather off the coast of Sicily. It was at night when the storm broke out in all its fury and strength. It looked like the end. Any moment the captain and his crew awaited the final blow of a mighty wave to send the tiny vessel to its watery doom. All hope had been given up. The storm continued. The ship was tossed about in the angry waters like a small toy. They had been thrown far off their course and expected to be dashed to pieces against the rock coast of Sicily, if the ship did not sink before then!

Yet through all this there remained one who was reasonably calm. That one soul was the king. When he realized that the captain,

the sailors and passengers had given up all hope of ever reaching land safely, he went out to them. He reawakened their courage and confidence by reminding them of the great intercessors they had left behind in their native country.

"It is midnight," he said to them, "it is the hour when the Community of Clairvaux arises to sing matins. These holy monks never forget us—they are going to supplicate Christ—they go to pray for us; and their prayers will deliver us out of peril."

The monastic life is first of all a life of prayer. Those whom God calls to such a life are the pray-ers. The strength of each individual prayer, united to all the prayers of all the brethren, is a powerhouse which no man can comprehend. As for the man of prayer, he too cannot fully realize just what great things are accomplished by his humble words with God. "The prayer of the righteous man availeth much," we are reminded. So the monk seeks to live as holy and as righteous a life as he can. Following the holy example of Christ, he strives to sanctify himself for the sake of mankind.

Before he can bring power and strength and love into the lives of others, his own life must first be saturated in Christ. "For their sakes I sanctify myself." He makes himself holy—one set apart for the purpose of bringing men to the kingdom of Heaven. But he alone cannot even attempt to pray, let alone to make himself holy. Christ in him performs all of this. Christ

whispers into each ear, "Without Me, what can you do?" The man of God can only look into the eyes of Him whom he has vowed to follow and say nothing. Like a fire, the Love of God is to burn in his heart, bringing warmth to all, light to all. The candles which adorn the altar of his heart are not put out, but continue to burn on if Christ really dwells in the midst. The sacrament of God's Love is solemnly carried in procession throughout the monastery, throughout the country, into the streets of the city, and across the oceans to foreign lands which know not the Saviour. Wherever he goes he carries with him his God—not to keep selfishly but to give to all, that they too may possess Heaven.

Called first and foremost to a life of prayer—this is our reason for being. It is not so much what we do, but what we are. To Be must always precede To Do. Men of action need first to be men of contemplation, and this our Rule sets, before us quite clearly. Before the seed can grow, the soil in which it is planted must be ready. Before the Religious seeks to save others, he must first be himself saved through Christ. These two steps often follow so closely one after the other that he cannot tell when one left off and another began. This is the secret working of the Spirit which underlies all things. Prayer, then, is an action—one of the highest forms of activity. It works quietly and hiddenly, deep within, but it shows itself and brings forth fruit never before realized.



Our Father Founder tells us that we are not called to any particular type of work, excepting prayer. By our vows and by our promises we place our very selves into God's Hands, without reserve, and let Him use us as He sees fit. This according to many writers, is the chief difference between the monastic order and the societies or congregations of later times. These societies or congregations are called to a special and particular kind of work within the family of Religious. They may do teaching, or nursing, or missionary work alone. Such work takes up a larger part of the day, and often the traditional observances of the monastic life are cast aside altogether, or else fitted in when time allows. This is not so with the monastic order, such as Holy Cross. The Work of Prayer is its chief occupation, its one reason for being.

An interesting and revealing story is often told by the Prior of one of our communities. Once a visitor, after having been taken on a grand tour of the monastic chapel and other parts of the monastery which were not within the actual walls of the enclosure, asked: "What is your work?" and the Prior replied, "We pray." The visitor, a little startled, nodded sympathetically, thinking the good father had misunderstood the question. "Yes, yes, but what do you do?" Again the answer, "We pray." It took quite some explaining to get across to the puzzled questioner that the chief work of the monastery was to pray. Whether he understood that pray-

er was considered work is uncertain. He most likely went away still a bit confused, yet convinced that the father meant what he had said, for he said it so naturally, as if he had been engaged in the very act at that moment.

Prayer is a word often used to describe something so little done today. Yet it is the very life-line of the Religious, and whether or not they comprehend it, it is the source of untold blessings to all Christians. When men grasp this meaning of prayer they will want to pray, for they will want to live. The bread of the man of God, the Religious, is the bread of prayer. He feeds upon it, and as he is strengthened and sustained, he seeks to give to the poor generous portions of this life-giver.

Christ calls all men to a life of prayer. Every Christian life can become just that, if all that is done is offered to God in love. Prayer is not only the lifting up of the mind to God, but the lifting up of all that we do in our daily lives as Christians. God accepts these gifts and in return bestows peace and blessings. But for the monk, prayer becomes his daily work, his daily offering to God, his daily sacrifice, in short, it becomes his whole life. His only example is Christ himself. Christ's life on earth was but one continual prayer rising up to the Father. He prayed without ceasing. The monk looks to Christ if he would pray. He sees Him alone, absorbed in God, Christ alone, Christ hidden, Christ among men. He strives for

nothing less than to be another Christ. He is a Christian; he lives the Christian life, but God has called him to a special function in the Mystical Body. He is "a Christian who puts himself apart from the world in order more surely to work out his eternal salvation. He is a man who withdraws from other men, not in hatred or contempt of them, but for the love of God, and his neighbor, and to serve them so much the better, as he shall have more and more purified and regulated his soul."

The voice of the monastic choir is the voice of Christ. Everyday it speaks through Christ to the Father. Through Christ's most sacred Heart the Creator is worshipped and adored. Through this sacrament of monastic language the Religious speaks not only to God his Creator, but to his fellowmen as well. In our Order, the Office of Choir is also an act of intercession. As our voices lift heavenwards, they carry with them all men. Our Office becomes their Office; our prayer becomes theirs. It has been well said, that the choir of the monastery is the monk's real pulpit, and the daily Office his most efficacious sermon. He who preaches to men in this manner can never be given any particular credit, for in the hiddenness of the choir itself, he loses himself. His voice unites with those of his brethren, and instead of many voices, one, that of the whole, rises.

Christ sought solitude throughout his earthly life. We see that often after some great task or miracle, or after teaching or

preaching, he disappears to some place apart to be alone with His Father. Shortly after his public ministry began and after he has spent much time healing the sick, we see Him rising early in the morning before dawn and going up into a mountain. Every man desires at one time or another to be alone, but not all seek to be alone that they may be with God. Rather too often it is to be alone with themselves. Monastic solitude looks only to the solitude of Christ for its supreme example. In the silence of the monk's cell Christ is born again as in Bethlehem; the cell becomes another Nazareth where life is lived in silence and in obscurity. It is Calvary too, where under Obedience the monk offers himself as a sacrifice on the Cross with every inward and outward observance of his Rule. In a sense, it is a Tabernacle, where his life remains hidden with Christ in God. Here in the silence and solitude he fulfills the words of Saint Paul "I fill up those things that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ, in my flesh." Here he becomes the official suppliant with uplifted arms; he climbs above earth to bring Heaven down.

A wonderful example of this solitude of Christ is found in John 6:15-21. Perceiving that the multitudes will take Him by force and make him their King, Jesus departs from them and goes up into a mountain alone. Here He contemplates the Heavenly Kingdom of His Father, while below men desire to establish a kingdom on earth, one of their own making.



Our Lord, we are reminded did not come down until the call for help flashed its cry through the darkness of night. Caught in the midst of a terrible storm at sea, the Disciples, fearing greatly, call out in distress. Christ comes to them, walking upon the waters. He leaves the peace and the quiet of his mountain cell to minister to mankind.

Today, Christ is the prayer of the monk. Today it leaves its habitation and goes out across the waters of a troubled world to bring a message of peace. There are no limitations. No wall too thick, or too high can suppress the greatest missionary of all. A Carthusian who had formerly been a Foreign Missioner was once asked what he did in his cell. "I am still a missionary," he replied. "Formerly, I could work only in a circumscribed area; now the whole world lies open to my zeal, and by prayer I can reach the remotest savage in Africa or Oceania." A great French Oratorian in answering the question: "What do these solitaries do, of what use are they?" compares them not inaptly to lightning conductors, offering themselves in Christ to avert the consequences of sin from a guilty world. They are to the world at large, what the ten just men, had they been found, would have been to the Cities of the Plain.

In a world today which is being tossed about on the sea of pride, of selfishness, of materialism, the man of prayer can become a vital force. Not by the monk's words will men be brought to the feet of Christ but by the life he leads, by

his faithfulness to prayer, by his association with the source of his joy, Christ.

While the world without cries out that we must have peace, the Religious finds it in the silence of his monastic home, and offers this to the world. But it is not received, for it is not recognized. The eye of self has blinded the eye of recognition, and the cries continue to be heard. Somewhere someone is waiting for that little prayer which is said in the quiet of a monk's cell . . . someone is waiting for the act of dedication, the gentle nod, the smile, the generous acceptance of humiliation. Somewhere someone lies sick upon his bed, but a bell rings and monks hurry off to their choir to speak to the Almighty. A life is being lived. Christ's life continues in each as each day passes by. A little band of Apostles with a little treasure full of prayers — pouring out blessing upon a world which God loves.

Somewhere a ship tosses about on an angry and relentless sea. All seems lost, all hope of ever reaching land is vanished. But one soul remains calm in spite of everything. He goes to the others and reminds them of what great intercessors they have left behind in their native land. Somewhere the first rays of day break through the early dawn, and the sound of a bell spills out over a sleeping town and countryside. "It is the hour when the monks go to the chapel. They go to supplicate Christ — they go to pray for us, and their prayer will deliver us from peril." •

# HOLY OBEDIENCE



THE VOW of Obedience is the portal of the Religious State," says the Rule of the Order of the Holy Cross and the Order of St. Helena. The new postulant, in her first days in a Religious Community discovers that, although she is not yet bound by a vow of Obedience, the practice of obedience is indeed the doorway into the Religious Life. Everything, it seems to her, depends on her immediate fulfillment of the hundred different, confusing, and sometimes conflicting demands of all the professed Sisters and even the Novices. When one of them tells her, ever so gently, that she put too much salt in the soup, she feels as though her world is crumbling! She has failed in obedience, she thinks, in a hundred ways all day long, even though she has worked at it with a total effort. The doorway of the Religious Life it seems, has a sill over which it is extremely easy to stumble, and she wonders whether she has a religious vocation after all.

It is only gradually that a person learns to distinguish between the mechanically perfect performance of her assigned tasks, which may or may not show forth an obedient disposition, and that disposition itself, the virtue of holy obedience. The latter is a supernatural gift of God, received and strengthened only through a deepening life of prayer. "In our Rule we connect the vow of Obedi-

ence with the work of prayer. The very essence of prayer is the surrender of our own wills: 'Thy will be done.' "

A laywoman recently asked a Sister if it wasn't extremely hard for a person to leave the regular life she was used to in the world. The Sister replied that it was indeed a difficult transition, and that the reason was that, strictly speaking, the way of life to which she had been used in the world, was not a "regular" way. It is the Religious Life that is a regular life, a life according to regulation or rule. Her life in the world had been in many respects irregular, based on her own will and desires.

The virtue of obedience is not restricted to those living in Religious Communities. Many Christians in the world live disciplined lives, obeying the precepts of the Church with willing hearts, and submitting themselves to the lawful demands of those in authority in Church, state, and home with readiness. The married state is one in which much genuine submission of one's own will and a large measure of the virtue of obedience is necessary, if the marriage is to serve its true purpose as a means of sanctification.

The Religious State is one in which obedience plays such an obvious part that it can be a showing forth of the obedience



**BY  
SISTER PAULA  
O.S.H.**

that is necessary, ultimately, for all who desire to allow God to rule their lives. It is probably because lack of discipline so largely characterizes the lives of present day Americans, including professing Christians, that religious obedience presents a grim face which many do not understand or even find repulsive. Others say, with a seeming validity, that religious obedience is a denial of one's moral responsibility. Doesn't religious obedience negate man's free will, itself a gift of God? The question is based on a misunderstanding of the character of the vow of Obedience and the practice of obedience in the Religious Life.

In deciding to take the vow of Obedience, a decision one makes after living the Religious Life for several years, one exercises the faculty of choice in the most strenuous way. No one takes a religious vow blindly. If through some accident one does, it is not valid or binding. One takes it with one's eyes open, having counted the cost and made a free decision to bind oneself to God in holy Religion, to which one firmly believes God is inviting one. The pressure of God's love is the only pressure placed upon the person deciding to take the vows of Religion. The Religious Community leaves the door wide open for one to leave.

When of her own free will a Sister takes the vow of Obedience,

she takes it according to the Rule of the Community of which she is a member. The Superior and all others in their own spheres of authority are the living voices through which the precepts of the Rule are communicated to her. She fulfills the religious vow by obeying all the lawful commands of her legitimate superiors. If a person in authority should issue a command contrary to the Rule or to the known laws of God her vow does not bind her to obey.

The spirit and virtue of obedience go far beyond the literal fulfillment of the vow. The virtue of obedience is closely related to the virtue of charity. It is manifested in an ever-increasing willingness to be conformed to the will of God by lovingly carrying out the slightest desire of her superiors and of all her sisters just as long as these do not prevent her from performing her assigned duties. Thus, if the Sister Cellarer (the Sister in charge of the kitchen and other household matters) remarks that she wonders how she'll ever get all the tomatoes canned before they spoil she will offer her assistance during whatever time she can possibly spare from her own assigned duties.

Suppose a Superior asks a Sister to do something which, although perfectly legitimate, seems to be beyond the ability of the Sister, is she bound to obey? She is bound to be willing to obey and to do her best, but she is permitted to point out to the Superior her own limitations in respect to the task assigned. If the

matter is serious, such representation would be a moral obligation. Even when the matter is not serious, it is sometimes wise. A certain Sister from the city was sent to pick cucumbers. Not having enough humility to admit that she'd never seen a cucumber growing, she earnestly searched through the vegetable garden and returned to the house proudly bearing a basket of young squashes, whose lives had been cut very short indeed!

Most often the Superior will already have weighed the advisability of assigning a Sister to a particular responsibility and she, though she may mention her feeling of inadequacy, will know full well that with the supernatural aid that comes with religious obedience she will be able to do the work. Thus, a Sister newly assigned to be Bursar (keep the account books, pay the bills, etc.) may feel overwhelmed and even mention, to her obviously amused Superior, that "in the world" she couldn't even make her check book balance! But she goes ahead with it and finds she can do it after all — in spite of a few bad moments at the end of the month when it doesn't look as if it would ever add up right! "I can't," are words that Religious learn not to use.

The secret of the virtue of obedience, in a Religious Order or elsewhere, is the seizing of every opportunity of obedience as an opportunity to show forth one's response to the love of God. It is His voice that is heard through those in authority. A Sister may

have been planning to use the hours of one morning on a study project that is of real interest to her. Just as she settles down in the library she is handed a note saying that the Sister assigned to cook dinner is ill, will she please take over. She does not, let us suppose, have any natural love for kitchen work at any time. To that distaste is added the disappointment of not being able to do the work she had looked forward to. Nevertheless, she accepts the command as being the expression of God's will for her at that very moment, and she puts aside her distaste and disappointment, asks God to aid her in her present work and sets out to do it to the very best of her ability — for love of God, in Himself and in her Sisters. She may, as a matter of fact, burn the carrots and serve potatoes that are not quite baked. She's sorry but she's not distressed as she was in similar circumstances when she was a postulant. She has obeyed with a good will, has done her best, and offered it all to God. That, she knows, is what matters.

Of course, such prompt, perfect correspondence with the moment by moment revealing of the will of God is not acquired overnight. Religious often falter and fail and repent and start over. God's gifts and grace are ever available and "... it is in the life of prayer that we can obey even unto that mystical death, when the soul becomes blind and dumb and motionless, having no longer any power of self-determination, accepting all things in holy indifference . . ." •



## THE ORDER OF THE HOLY PARACLETE



IT WAS a happy choice which, in 1914, led the four foundation members to establish themselves at Sneaton Castle, a house on Whitby's West Cliff, though at the time it did not seem exactly propitious to be founding a Community and setting up a boarding school in the teeth of the German bombardment. For Whitby, surrounded by sweeping vistas of natural beauty, steeped in the history of the early Celtic Church and the inspiration of St. Hilda, is the centre of the Order's Life and part of its character. Southerners shudder in the crisp keen air, but for all who come and are called to stay, Whitby means — home!

So much for the place; now for the people. The Order of the Holy Paraclete was formally recognized in October 1917, when the then Archbishop of York, Dr. Lang, received the Profession of the first four sisters. Subsequent Archbishops have in their capacity as Visitor professed the Sisters whose numbers are now reaching the hundred mark. Thus within less than forty years the membership and influence of the Order have grown far beyond anything that little foursome could envisage in 1914. All but one of our first generation are still alive — very much so — including our Foundress and Prioress Mother Margaret, whose

reputation reaches out far beyond the walls of Sneaton Castle.

The Postulancy lasts for three to six months, the Novitiate for two years. There is no period of Temporary Vows; Life Vows are taken at profession.

The Order's inspiration is found in its dedication title: "The Order of the Holy Paraclete has been constituted for the glory of God in adoration of the mystery of the



*Novices and postulants of O.H.P.*

bestowal of the Holy Spirit from on high." This primary work of adoration is the centre of the Order's life which finds its chief expression in the regular rhythms of the monastic routine; the daily Eucharist, the recitation of the Divine Office, — the formulation of which was greatly influenced by the invaluable help of Fr. Walter Frere, C.R., in the Community's early days — corporate prayer and meditation, intercession, Bible study and spiritual reading, the



regulated times and places of Silence. Out of a day which, in England, begins with the inexorable summons of the rising bell at 5.45 a.m. and ends at the official bed-time of 10.30 p.m. a minimum of five hours is given day by day to this hidden life of worship, prayer and study, although many sisters give more time according to their particular vocation and the extent of their active duties and responsibilities. Upon this foundation all a Sister's active work is built; indeed, without it our active work could not be undertaken or carried through. The same pattern is reproduced in all the houses of the Order, whether at home or abroad, and there is no minimising of this basic life of prayer.

"Rooted and grounded in Love." Love overflows into action, and the Order's devotion to the Holy Paraclete, the Great Illuminator, Source of all truth and wisdom, finds its evangelistic expression in educational work. We are not a com-

munity of 'school-marms' and we certainly do many other things besides teaching, but as this is an age of convenient labels, I suppose that the label affixed to us would read 'Teaching Order'.

Our main educational work in England is centred on St. Hilda's School, an independent recognized boarding school for girls. Originally the whole school was at Whitby, and several of those pupils who shared the pioneer conditions of the Order's inception later became Sisters. During the 1939-45 War the members of the school were scattered to safer areas, and a large contingent under the care of six Sisters was evacuated to Canada, where links of enduring friendship were woven with S. S. J. D. Sisters in Toronto and many others. The school is now divided into three houses, the Senior School being at Whitby itself. The School motto is 'Causa Conscientia' — 'For conscience' sake'.

From the first a system of self-





*St. Hilda's School*

government has prevailed, whereby the girls are trained in standards of responsibility and integrity towards the fulfillment of the ideal of Christian womanhood . . . which is our goal. Our academic attainment is high, but our greatest reward and satisfaction is in the constant stream of Old Girls who return to drink afresh at the fountain head and carry the school ideal out again into the world.

Other educational work in England includes St. Michael's School, Leigh-on-Sea, religious instruction in the local Whitby schools, and three little village schools in Yorkshire, one of them at the ancient village of Rievaulx, where the Sisters' cottage nestles up against the splendour of the great Abbey in which St. Aelred once lived. Then and now; Whitby and Rievaulx; truly we live with the constant reminder that 'we are treading where the saints have trod.'

Another main work in England



HOLY CROSS



is the administration of the York Diocesan Retreat and Conference House at Wydale Hall, near Scarborough, again set in glorious countryside (we seem to go in for beauty spots). This house is being increasingly used as a centre for Christian fellowship and spiritual life, not only for the Diocese but for others from further afield. Every possible type of party seems to come and the contrasts are sharp; one week a Parish Holiday, the next a Clergy Retreat; a rowdy bunch of youngsters, or a group of earnest Six-formers; a prayers group, a Drama School, as well as numerous Mothers' Union outings and tea-parties in the summer.

Then there are many other strands in the variegated pattern of what we do in England; parish and university Missions, talks to meet all kinds of demands from far and near, Sunday Schools, local visiting, church embroidery

and vestment-making, and participation in local affairs of every sort.

So much for England; and now for abroad. In 1926, at the invitation of Bishop John Aglionby of Accra, four Sisters went out to Ghana, or the Gold Coast Colony as it then was, to found the first Anglican Girls' boarding school in the diocese. As the little band of four left behind their home and family of twelve or so Sisters, the same spirit of adventure which had characterised their beginnings at Whitby bore them along in this pioneer educational work in Africa. The work has greatly expanded since then; in 1930 the original St. Monica's School was transferred to Mampong, Ashanti, where there is now a huge educational unit consisting of Primary, Middle and Secondary Schools, a Teacher Training College and a Maternity Hospital which provides training courses for African nurses and is the centre of a developing District Medical Service for the outlying villages. Also the Sisters live at the centre of the pulsing life of this new African state, with a day school in the busy centre of the capital city Accra, and another at Cape Coast. The Sister-Principal of the Training College is chairman of the Council of Heads of Training Colleges, and until recently a Sister acted as general supervisor of the entire educational work for girls in the Diocese. Thus the Order has played and continues to play an important part in the life of the people of Ghana.

In 1950 the first work in South



Africa was undertaken when, at the invitation of the Bishop of Pretoria, four Sisters went out to teach in the famous Grace Dieu Training College for Africans. Later, three Sisters joined the Mirfield Fathers in Johannesburg to take charge of St. Agnes' Hostel and to teach in St. Peter's School. The Policy of the South African government made the continuance of this educational work for Africans impossible, and the sad tale of the closing of Mission Schools in the Union is too well-known to need repeating. However, the Sisters continue to work in Johannesburg, where they are in charge of St. Benedict's Retreat House at Rossettenville which, among its other valuable contributions to Church life, is a lively inter-racial meeting place.

There are two houses of the Order in Rhodesia, one of them at the well-known C. R. Mission at Penhalonga — 'the most beautiful place in the world' — where the Sisters teach in the Training College and Secondary School, are responsible for the girls' boarding arrangements, run a Clinic both for the Mission and the native population around it, and also direct and train the little native African community of C.Z.R. The second house is at Daramombe where there is a developing unit of Training College and Primary School.

Three recent undertakings in Cape Town have established a little colony of 'Whitby Sisters' there too; the Marian Institute, a social centre for all ages of the poor coloured population from the

dockland area in which it is set; St. Anne's Mother and Baby Home; and a share in the teaching and hostel supervision at Zonnebloem College. The latest work is in Swaziland where the Sisters are in charge of St. Michael's School for coloured boys and girls. In all these recent undertakings the Order has been richly blessed and guided, and feels it a great joy and privilege to be drawn so intimately into the life of the great continent.

Mention must be made of the Tertiary Order, and the Order of Associates. The former has three Sisters Regular, and an increasing number of professed members who, closely identified with the community's ideals, live out their Christian witness in the world as lay men or women, aiming at an annual retreat and reunion at Whitby, where St. Francis House is at their disposal, as also it is for other lay visitors. A thriving colony of O.H.P. Tertiaries in New Zealand is doing splendid work in the promotion of retreats, although there is no community house there — as yet!

Such then is the life and work of the Order of the Holy Paraclete. At the centre of it all, the Mother House at Whitby, with its beautiful new chapel consecrated on Holy Cross Day, May 1957, looking out to sea and across to the Abbey ruin on the opposite cliff: a witness to the unceasing activity of the Holy Paraclete, restoring the waste places, preaching peace to them that are far off and to them that are nigh. "Behold I make all things new." •



# BROTHERS IN CHRIST

By Peter C. Moore

**I**N BAPTISM God creates brothers of Christ by making men brothers in Christ. So Saint Paul can write, 'For ye are all children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. For as many of you as have been baptized in Christ Jesus have put on Christ. There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither bond nor free; there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus.' We are members of the family of God, a family bound together by a greater power than the power of blood. This family transcends all the ties that man uses to make himself one with another.

In Baptism God creates a new people, whose destination is Himself. They are the inheritors of His kingdom; they are the heaven-bound people manifesting God's love and glory in the world. At Mount Sinai God called a people not a people and made them a nation in the Old Covenant, the Old Testament. At Mount Calvary upon the Cross, the New Covenant is given in the blood of our Saviour, to make a new nation, a new Israel. So Saint Peter can write, 'But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people, that ye should show forth the praises of Him who hath called you out of darkness into His marvelous light.' Not like the Old Israel, a blood-related people, but a new nation, unique in the world, not defined by place or color, or level of culture. This nation manifests, however dimly at times, the kingdom of heaven which is its very life.

Baptism is entrance into this new nation. It is entrance into a living relationship with the Father in the Son

by the Holy Ghost. Thus God acts to reveal to the world the meaning of the eternal loving relationships of the mystery of the Trinity. For in the Body of Christ the Church, is known the love that flows between and binds in One the Three Persons of the One God. This knowledge a life or death matter to the world. The Christian hope of brotherhood is a reality in the Body of Christ. This Christian nation of all nations, kindreds, tongues and peoples knows the meaning of love among men because it knows the meaning of love in the Trinity. The heart of the Body is the life of the Trinity.

The Body of Christ of which every baptized person is a member comes in love and therefore in judgment upon our world. The Body proclaims brotherhood because it is a brotherhood. This good news is vital in any age, and it is surely so for our time. The greatest problem we face is race. Ambrose Reeves, Bishop of Johannesburg, is in exile and has been forced to resign his diocese because he would let the Body of Christ be what it is in a state built upon apartness and separation. Bishop Reeves has rightly said that there is no color problem any more; there is only a white problem. White nations are no longer superior numerically nor even perhaps culturally. White nations will have to come to terms with this problem, this fact, if they are to survive at all.

For members of the Body of Christ there is a problem only as the pressures of the world make themselves felt upon us. The cultural snobbery that excludes the Jew become a Christian from the country club; the social snobbery that prevents us from ac-

cepting people for what they are; the political fear that to lose our power position will make the masters slaves and the slaves masters; the economic fear that to let my brother have a chance is to invite bankruptcy: all these fears make their impact felt upon the Body. It takes wisdom and courage to withstand them. We are to be deeply thankful for the Church in South Africa, which is like a beleaguered city in its witness to man's brotherhood. The Episcopal Church in our own South lives under the terrible tension of knowing its vocation as the Body of Christ, and the pressures to conform to the attitudes of separation. We can be thankful that never in our history has the Church given in to doctrinaire segregation, and that in the midst of vituperation and hatred the main body of Churchmen remain faithful to their family, God's family, and to their race, the new Israel.

If there can be no apartheid within the Body, then the Body must stand in love and judgment upon the word. We know that there is in Christ no difference that matters in the eyes of God. The Church is not the Body of the educated or of the illiterate, or of the wise or of the simple, or of the rich or of the poor, or of the white, black, red, yellow, or brown, or of the law-abiding or the criminal, not even in some sense of the saint or the sinner. We are all one in the Body with our Lord and with each other. We are all to be conformed to the image of Christ in us. We are all sinners called to be saints.

Love among the brethren is the way of the Body, and the love of the brethren for the world is our Lord at work in the world. At its heart to love is to share: 'Greater love hath no man than

this that a man lay down his life for his friends.' As our Lord shares His life with us, because He loves us, so we share our lives with others. Segregation, racial and social exclusion, are condemned by Christian love. The principle of separate but equal facilities is wrong precisely because there is no sharing. No matter how equal they may be, there is no sharing. This is 'charity' at its worst, the dropping of a dime into an alms box to pay a social debt and to soothe a guilty conscience. 'Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men are . . . I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess.' The Pharisee does not share himself with others.

No one could pretend that the problem of race in our time is easy. We contented northerners do not know what it is like to be faced concretely with the demand to love in a land of hate. But the mark of the Body is love, and we can never cease to proclaim the love of God by the love of man. 'If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?' If we can share our hearts with those whom God has made brothers to us, then we shall be the Lord ministering in the world. We shall make some sense to a world divided, because we will show that in our Lord the hope of men to be brothers is accomplished by His power, by His gift. The tensions, pressures, anxieties which separate men from each other can be lived with. These things grow out of and themselves create fear, and Saint John reminds us, 'Perfect love casteth out fear.' And Love is the mark of the body. ●



CHRISTOFER KLASSON

# THE CHURCH IN RUSSIA

**I**N THE January issue of the **Holy Cross Magazine** Fr. Charles Davis published an article called 'Journey to Russia.' The article made interesting reading. In a world where there is so much prejudice and so much hatred, it is heartening to read an article which is an attempt to look upon things in the objective sense.

Nevertheless the article is misleading and does not give a fair picture of the life and the strength of the Russian Orthodox Church. Fr. Davis seems to have had the same misfortune as many other visitors to Russia in having met the wrong people. He starts by telling how he was met at his hotel by a young woman, Ludmilla, who welcomed him in good English. Anyone who has been to Russia knows these friendly, highly intelligent and very nice persons. But what must be remembered is that they are members of the Party. And every Party member will at all cost defend the attitude of the Party. He or she will also claim that the Party has succeeded almost completely. As the Party teaches that religion is opium to the people, the Party member must say that religion and faith are dying out in Soviet Russia.

But anyone who has been to the Russian Orthodox churches knows that it certainly is not so. A Christian from one of the Western Churches feels ashamed when seeing the congregations in Rus-

sia. People come in thousands and how these people can pray. They are far from being only old people, as the propagandists will have us believe. The proportion of young worshippers is astonishingly high. I myself remember a Liturgy in a very small church in Leningrad where about one hundred schoolchildren made their Communion on a workday.

Fr. Davis seems to have been misled by a very skillful propagandist. That accounts for the factual errors in his article. Fr. Davis says that less than one percent of the population have any interest in religion. But there are some 35,000 Orthodox churches functioning in Russia. There are about 80 monasteries with some 15,000 Religious, male and female. There are 8 seminaries and two academies for the training of the clergy. There are 73 dioceses in the Soviet Union. Does anyone really believe that less than two million believers could keep this up, and still leave the Church with 'too much money'?

Other errors may be of less importance, but ought still to be corrected. Fr. Davis speaks about an Archimandrite Nicholas. He is not an Archimandrite but a Metropolitan. He was not the secretary to Patriarch Alexij but, until his resignation from office last autumn, the 'second in command' of the Russian Orthodox Church. There are not only 21 places of worship in Moscow. In 1959 there

were 58 Orthodox churches open to worship; since then it seems that some other churches have been reopened. In addition there are other places of worship of other denominations and religions—Baptists, Orthodox Old-believers, Jews, Mohammedans and others. I myself visited in 1959 many more than 21 churches in Moscow.

The last edition of the Bible was not printed in 1957 but in 1956, and it certainly was not printed 'from plates from the American Bible Society.' It was a completely new edition based on the old Synodical edition, but with a new system of references. I do not know if Fr. Davis' information that only 10,000 copies were printed is correct, but I doubt it. Furthermore, not only the complete Bible was printed then, but an edition of the New Testament with the

Psalms was printed at the same time.

In Moscow underneath the Church of our Lady of Kazan is a basement factory for producing those small candles which the Orthodox believers place in front of the holy icons when at church. That factory alone produces about 18,000,000 such candles each month. Apart from that factory there are in the Soviet Union 15 other candle factories managed by the Church and producing solely for the Church. Thus at least 200,000,000 candles are lit by worshippers in the Russian Orthodox churches each month. But the number of worshippers present is naturally bigger than the number of candles lit at church. Less than one percent of the population would really have big difficulties in filling the Russian churches to such capacity. •

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## The Color Was Red

*By Brother Paul, O.I.W.*

**I**T WAS A Sung Mass with thurifer and two acolytes. The celebrant, having completed the preparation at the altar steps, was now bending over to kiss the altar—a movement that caused the bright scarlet of the chasuble to shimmer in the strong light. The incense was then prepared for the first ritual purification of altar and priest, again my eyes were attracted by the bright red of the vestments and altar frontal, standing out in contrast to the dull grey and cream of the sanctuary. The red drew my attention all through the "Mass of the

Catechumens," that is until the end of the Creed after which, in the first centuries of the Church, the unbaptized or catechumens had to leave the sacred building to the Faithful, who now prepared to take their part in the Oblation, the Sacrifice and the Communion. The eternal pattern of Christian worship. Now, in my small way, I was also prepared.

Under the stimulus of the ancient words, the singing and the surroundings, my ever restless imagination tried to serve me. It suggested that I identify myself with the sanctuary—the high narrow arch, the heavy can-



copy, the long narrow altar, all were some part of me but the red chasuble was my beating heart, the centre of my life, the scene of action. It sounds stupid put into words, but at least it made me feel that I, my life, myself, was there sharing whatever action was taking place. And it was private without offense to any other person. I realized its help for devotional purposes while I smiled at it.

Then, with a slight shock, I remembered that St. Thomas Aquinas had said: "Seeing that by the Holy Ghost we are made lovers of God that every beloved object is in its lover, as such, it follows that by the Holy Ghost the Father and the Son also dwell in us."

So, by the action of the Holy Ghost that enables me to love God, I could say that I was spiritually present with the priest, sharing in his words and actions. I was part of the offering of the Mass.

Then I humbly accepted the spiritual fact that I was taking part in the action of the Mass. I was aware that although I was standing or kneeling down in the nave, my heart, my life, my soul, was there with the priest at the altar. "Where your treasure is there is your heart also." My treasure was the love of Jesus, being visibly demonstrated at the altar; and there also, in a real way, was my own poor heart.

Thus realizing I was taking a real active part in the Mass, I hastily reviewed my part from the beginning.

My heart, indeed, had been prepared as thoroughly as custom and intelligence could do it. At the altar steps with the priest I had admitted my utter worthlessness, then I had heard the choir singing the encouraging entrance phrases from the Psalter

and, with all present, I had cried out the nine-fold "Lord have mercy." An acknowledgement of sin that merged into the triumphal shout of "Glory be to God on High," declaring His infinite Mercy. Then the formulary of set prayers, the intellectual part of the Mass, as necessary as due order and correct actions, was followed by the two-fold reading from Scripture, and the formal recitation of the Creed—setting forth in words the treasures of faith. The priest receives the bread and wine, followed by the censuring, the washing of his hands, all a preparation for the Consecration.

Now all is ready. Ritual is a means whereby God shows forth His love to us who are shut in by our material senses. Ritual is neither needed nor not needed by God. It is the way He has chosen to show His love and He has given us a part to play in the solemn showing forth of His Son's Passion in the Eucharist, His death, His resurrection and the promise of life everlasting.

"Lift up your hearts.

We lift them up unto the Lord.

It is meet, right and our bounden duty . . . Therefore with Angels and Archangels, and the whole company of heaven."

Dare I say my heart is lifted up, Lord? Only by thy grace dare I say it. Those early Christians, who first used those solemn phrases, knew that the heart was the very seat and center of one's being. Our life comes from God, and now, by our own act, returns to Him, through the Person of His Son. These early Christians expressed themselves in the eternal cry: Holy, Holy, Holy! which every human utters when he feels the presence of God. It was used long before

the coming of Christ.

The preparation over, all having been done as fitly as possible, our hearts—not mine only, but the hearts of every true Christian—stand quiet, expectant, for now the Lord's words of the Last Supper are to be used by the priest, so our Lord speaks through the celebrant, both being one for this act.

"All glory to thee, Almighty God, our heavenly Father, for that thou of thy tender mercy didst give thine only Son Jesus Christ to suffer death upon the Cross for our redemption; who made there (by his one oblation of himself once offered) a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction, for the sins of the whole world; . . ."

And the bread and wine became His Body and Blood. We share in this sacrifice, offering ourselves with Him, consuming His Body, sharing in His new life. Thus in my own heart at that moment it seemed that I shared something of His last days on earth, the memory of His Passion, His desolation, His desertion by His friends, cursed and derided by all men in public. Although sharing consciously in His Resurrection, yet the picture or impression of the Passion remained strong. Perhaps that old saying is true: No cross, no crown. If I had turned away from the suffering and death, I should have turned away from His Kingdom. If I shrink from personal suffering, I cannot share in His glory.

Quickly this passed into wonderment and joy, awe and adoration, filling me as I reviewed the price He paid for us. My heart responded with love.

Now we—not I alone, but all re-

deemed souls—pray for all men, in heaven, in purgatory and on earth. I rejoice in this wide-open prayer, making it an expression of my love for Him, embracing all the world. I love all men because He loves me.

Then "Our Father, who art in heaven, . . ." the prayer of His children. Simple phrases covering all the needs of life. Praying thus we are the sons of God, acknowledging this by the prayer.

Then the ancient "The peace of the Lord be always with you" of the priest, frequently used at Mass, this link that binds the congregation to the priest in the sacred Rite. The peace is the positive effect of a clear conscience through the grace of God, untroubled by the demanding pull of the world.

During the act of Holy Communion, there is no leaping over the barrier between the physical and spiritual. The two states slip and slide over one another, intermingle, but never become one. We may be aware of spiritual communion when widely separated from the material act; so during the act we may be widely separated from its spiritual life. In practice faith must take the place of awareness in the soul, unless the grace of God decrees otherwise.

Now the sacred mystery was drawing to its end. Looking back it seemed to me that, while my imagination at first took off actively that it might help me to an acute awareness of the Rite, it had gradually withdrawn after it had served its purpose. I offered an act of thanksgiving to the Holy Spirit for being led into a deeper and more penetrating experience of the sacrifice and oblation of our Lord in this manner. ●



# MIDDLE EARTH

## THE ALLEGORICAL EPIC OF J. R. R. TOLKIEN

BY ROBERT ELLWOOD

In an age almost as given to "number, weight, and measure" and the cultivation of the ordinary and visible as Blake's, we have received a new romantic epic which has well been called the greatest effort of its type since Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. It is *The Lord of the Rings*, consisting of three volumes, *The Fellowship of the Ring*, *The Two Towers*, and *The Return of the King*, written by J. R. R. Tolkien. (Published by Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

Mr. Tolkien, a distinguished philologist at Oxford University and a Christian (of a Roman Catholic persuasion, I am told) is associated naturally in one's mind with Charles Williams and C. S. Lewis as a writer of imaginative fiction which is profoundly Christian, and all the more so for not being ostensibly apologetic. All three writers describe evocatively places, times, or levels of perception quite beyond the ordinary, in which spiritual issues are able to break through in splendid clarity, but also whose relevance to the "ordinary" is very clear indeed. Perhaps their greatest gift is the ability to make us see the spiritual issues of life in sufficiently dramatic terms to fire us with a sense of the wonder, glory, and cosmic importance of the Christian struggle.

Mr. Tolkien's story is laid in a wonderful world, very long ago in the morning of history—in fact before history as we have received it, though obviously bits of this world have been preserved in Celtic, Germanic, Anglo-Saxon, and Semitic folklore. It is a world inhabited as well by elves, dwarves, orcs (goblins), and hobbits as by men. Evil, controlled by a dark personality named Sauron, has enthroned itself in the baneful land of Mordor and is attempting to bring the earth under its thralldom. But the power of Sauron is bound to a ring which he forged long ago, and which has found its way into the innocent possession of one of the hobbits, jovial peasant folk about half the size of a man. The doom is laid upon this hobbit, Frodo, to carry the ring to the mountain in Mordor where it was forged and can be destroyed. He has eight companions, drawn from among hobbits, elves, dwarves, and men. The journey, which alone can save Middle-earth from Sauron, is laden with countless perils, battles, despair and suffering, bringing about virtually the death and transfiguration of Frodo before it can succeed. There are drawn swords and wizard's spells, loathesome wights and elfin maidens, thundering horsemen and kings in gilded palaces.

What can we call such a story? The magnitude, the scope, the grand illusions to events in the depths of time which culminate in the great days recorded, the supremacy of the moral issue, all place it far beyond the mere fairy tale. It is more closely related to the secondary epic, defined by C. S. Lewis as a work in which the poet must take a single legend and "treat it in such a way that we feel the vaster theme to be somehow implicit in it." He has to deal with a limited number of personages and make us feel that if national, or almost cosmic, issues are involved. He must locate his ac-

tion in a legendary past and yet make us feel the present, and the intervening centuries, already foreshadowed." (*Preface to Paradise Lost*, p. 33).

It is inevitable that such a work will be also labelled "allegory." It would doubtless be possible to interpret the various vicissitudes of the conquest of Sauron as stages in the spiritual life with the precision, and the transcendence, of the Church Fathers dealing with Israel in the wilderness. Yet the work is no *Pilgrim's Progress*, exactly, nor is it quite the "intellectual allegory" which Miss Dorothy Sayers finds in Dante. Rather, one turns to the concept of "mystical allegory" celebrated in Charles Williams' study of Dante, *The Figure of Beatrice*. (The three writers we have associated seem constantly to interpret one another!)

There are two mysticisms, Williams tells us, the mysticism of the negation of images, of the dark night of the soul and the arrival at the Supreme by the denial of all else; and the mysticism of the affirmation of images, of the arrival at the Supreme through and in the mediation of created beauty, as Dante was ushered through Paradise by the graciously radiant Beatrice, transfigured yet still she whom he had loved on earth. Tolkien's world is a world of the affirmation of images. There is no abstraction, no universalism. The forces of good are real personalities, concerned with combating evil within the course of human events; nobility is to live and fight with mind and sword. It is the forces of evil who tend toward abstraction, who are shadowy, who fear the sunlight, who are reduced to the level of dark ideas, who are not fully alive. For to be alive is to sing and drink in great halls, to enjoy companionship, to shout for the beauty of Middle-earth, to rejoice in the golden sun or the starlit when even elves may be met, and if need be to fight and die in battle with honor for right.

We have, then, an epic of the affirmation of images. One can scarcely deny that it is profoundly Christian, above all because Tolkien creates a temper of mind open to the Christian affirmation of images. The Biblical epic—the actions of men overshadowed by creative Providence culminating in the Incarnation—is highly congruous with Tolkien's story. Yet Tolkien's general image-affirming temper also yields highly suggestive particular images. He writes as one richly versed in pre-Christian folklore, especially that of the Northlands. His images suggest that, parallel to the much-discussed *praeparatio evangelium* in classic lands, Northern mythology held a similar preparation for the Gospel.

Behind the story is the tension between good and evil, between the unfallen and fallen world. In Tolkien's world these poles are somewhat localized. The elves, now restricted to certain woodlands of surpassing loveliness, or slipping sadly over the Sea to the "Uttermost West," are the high image of the unfallen world—they are the "elder kindred" who live in perfect harmony with nature, who first gave understanding names to created things.

Yet, that they might have even more understanding certain elves were tempted to forge the rings of power, and by this means Sauron ensnared them and all other creatures with the One Ring which controls them. The Ring is a powerful symbol of Sin—promising the knowledge of good and evil, it gradually possesses him who wears it, and its outriders are Phobos and Deimos, fear and terror. And Sauron, by whom the ground is cursed, spreads a Shadow over the land and the hearts of men when he gains sway, replacing



ristine beauty with smoke and foul creeping things. It is as the time of the death of Christ in the Anglo-Saxon "*Dream of the Rood*"—

"A shadow went forth,  
wan under clouds. A creation wept,  
bewailed the King's death."

Yet as the Dreamer looks forward to the Day when

"Thither shall He come  
into this middle-earth to seek mankind,"

o Tolkien's Middle-earth is not without hope, though it be likewise hope wrought in suffering. The evil Ring may be destroyed in the fire of Mordor. Good may be reclaimed by anguish. And a heroic death in the battle leads to transfiguration. So Gandalf, the good wizard, is restored to life after battling to the death a hideous monster, and Frodo, after reaching the brink of death, and expecting death, before the Ring is destroyed, is revived in time to receive his due honor, though his sword wounds never entirely heal. His passion reminds one of that mysterious suffering by which Odin won knowledge of the Runes, of which he sings in the *Elder Edda*:

"Nine whole nights on a wind-rocked tree,  
Wounded with a spear,  
I was offered to Odin, myself to myself,  
On that tree of which no man knows."

Or as Gandalf describes his passion after the battle: "I was alone, forgotten, without escape upon the hard horn of the world. There I lay staring upward, while the stars wheeled over, and each day was as long as a life-age of the earth. Faint to my ears came the gathered rumour of all lands: the bringing and the dying, the song and the weeping, and the slow everlasting groan of overburdened stone."

Yet it is the obscure hobbits, not elves nor wizards nor men, who actually achieve the work of salvation. The good will of an obscure and ordinary folk slips between the clutches of the mighty. It is not an entirely accidental splash. The whole epic is pervaded with a heavy weight of destiny. Meetings, events, victories, assignments only seem to be casual. Trivial occurrences, in the fabric of the life of Middle-earth, ultimately result in tremendous happenings. The narrative begins with a birthday party; a mess of stewed hare brings together two fighters against Mordor. Perhaps it is destiny, perhaps providence, perhaps the Anglo-Saxon *Wyrd*, that strong-set fate emanating from Heaven but which may make life hard, and which men may struggle against but which, through the very struggle, shapes their ends. It is ordained the great days of the war of the Ring, a time crisis in a world which is not really "ordinary" but a place of dramatic conflict and destiny. In the narrative, a questioner asks, "Do we walk in legends or on the green earth in the daylight?" And a hero replies, "A man may do both. For not we but those who come after will make the legends of our time. The green earth, say you? That is a mighty matter of legend, though you tread it under the light of day." God reigns through *wyrd* even when not obvious or known, and every act of heroism and goodness counts, and will be the occasion of singing when all strands are gathered up.

It is of providence, in these great days, that men will come to succeed Middle-earth the other kindred, the elves, dwarves, and hobbits. These

folk are mighty and good, but to men there is an attribute, formerly called the "gift of men" but latterly the "doom of men," which they share not: death. To the elfin-folk it lies only to cross over Sea to the Western land of memory and rest; to men, to live a life in Middle-earth over which death casts the reality of heroism and decision. Death makes them the folk of time and thus of the future; to the elder kindred belongs memory.

Provocative thoughts such as this are saved from the abstractions of philosophy by riding behind the affirmative images of action. This is enough, it is hoped, to turn the reader to the story; and he can be sure its images will not fade from his mind after the last page is turned.

## BOOK REVIEWS



**GRACE AND GLORY.** By E. L. Mascall. Morehouse-Barlow, 1961. Pp. 90. Spring selection of the Episcopal Book Club.

This is a splendid addition to an increasing contemporary writing on the subject of Heaven. The title is related to a quotation from a great Christian theologian, 'Grace is nothing else than a kind of beginning of glory in us.' The six chapters develop the theme of St. Augustine's (major patron of Holy Cross, by the way) words, 'We shall rest and we shall see; we shall see and we shall love; we shall love and we shall praise. Behold what shall be in the end and shall not end.' The study of Heaven is of almost obvious value, since, as Mascall says, 1) that is where Christians are heading, and 2) in a special way they are already enjoying a foretaste of it here on earth. —L.A.T.

**THE DIVINE DIMENSION.** By Henry Thomas Dolan. Morehouse-Barlow, 1961. Pp. 231. Price, \$4.50.

Mr. Dolan is a lawyer, and obviously a consecrated layman. Many in and out of the Church will read this book but probably the greater number will never even hear of it. They will be the losers. It is a call for Christians to rediscover the importance of living the Christian life, and for non-Christians honestly to consider the validity of the Christian Gospel.

The last paragraph of the book states its purpose: 'Every one of us surely, has dozens of friends who are wonderful people — gay, humorous, charming, of flashing wit and outgoing spirit, generous to a fault — whose native charitableness, compassion, unself-seeking would put to shame most nominal Christians we have known. But they will have little or nothing to do with the Gospel . . . because it has never been made intelligible and relevant to them. For a perfect certainty we know that God is trying to draw them into a greater knowledge of Himself. The most anyone could ever hope for in these pages, or any pages, or words, or acts which ever were or will be, is that in a very tiny way they may be helping Him to do so.' If you have such friends give them this book.



## acknowledgements:

◆ The Reverend FRANCIS W. VOELCKER is Rector of All Saints' Church, Brooklyn, New York.

◆ The Reverend FREDRICK A. BARNHILL is Rector of St. Paul's-in-the-Desert, Palm Springs, California.

◆ The Reverend PETER C. MOORE is a Priest Associate of the Order and serves St. Timothy's Church, Indianapolis, Indiana.

◆ The BROTHER PAUL is an Oblate of the Incarnate Word, a group of associates of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

◆ The Reverend ROBERT ELLWOOD is a Chaplain in the United States Naval Reserve, on active duty with the Marine Corps at Camp Pendleton, California.

◆ Information about Russia is so difficult to obtain that we are happy to receive and pass on to our readers a more hopeful picture of the Church there than Fr. Davis' short visit last summer led him to paint. The article, "The Church in Russia", is by the Reverend CHRISTOFER KLASSON, a priest of the Church of Sweden, who in an accompanying letter says he 'has had a very long friendship with the leading men of the Russian Church and has studied Russian Church affairs for some thirty years. —Editor.

◆ Since the writing of the article on the Order of the Holy Paraclete, news of the death of the Mother Foundress, THE PRIORESS OF WHITBY, has reached us. Of your charity pray for her soul.

◆ Our COVER this month: A sister of St. Helena with two young Church School students of St. George's Church, Newburgh, N. Y..

◆ PHOTO CREDITS: Frontispiece, The Ascended Christ with Our Lady and St. John Baptist; Pages 212-213, Matins at 5:45 a. m., Holy Cross Monastery, by Mr. S. Franklin Gould; Back inside cover, detail of Christ on the right hand of the Father.

◆ ILLUSTRATION on Page 183 is from a wood block by one of the Brothers of O. H. C.

# A BROTHER OF HOLY CROSS

## BY BROTHER FRANCIS, O.H.C.

**A** BROTHER of the Order of the Holy Cross is a layman who seeks to serve God under the discipline of the Vows of Religion: Poverty, Chastity and Obedience. He is given the title 'Brother' when he receives the white habit of a Novice. A brother takes the name of a saint at the same time, by which he is thence forward known in the Religious Life. Those who are ordained to the priesthood after entrance into the Order resume their full names, with the normal title for a priest; 'Father.'

It follows that a brother cannot administer the Sacraments of the Church, since this is the function of the priest. Nor does he hold any of the higher offices in the Order, Superior, Novice Master or Prior, as the training of the priesthood is held invaluable in these positions. But apart from these reservations, Holy Cross Brothers are on a plane of complete equality with the Fathers of the Order. They take their places according to date of Life Profession of Vows, and are trained for any capacity suitable to the individual person's talents.

Sometimes you hear brothers spoken of as 'lay brothers.' This is a logical title, but misleading to many who have in mind the Benedictine idea of a lay brother, one who does menial labor, but who does not sing the Office in choir, and whose duties never include preaching or conducting Missions. This is not true of laymen at Holy Cross.

The work of a brother is suited to his training and capacity. Those who have the gift of preaching are trained to preach; those who have the skill write; those who have a bent toward

some practical work, such as art, design covers for the magazine, letter holy cards, etc.; those who have the ability conduct children's or teenage Missions. There is almost no end to the list of possibilities within the framework of the Order, from teaching in schools run by the Order in Tennessee or Liberia, to secretarial work in any of the several Houses, or to conducting Retreats and Quiet Days in many places.

Of course, it must be remembered that any man, priest or layman, who comes to the Order seeking the service of our Lord, must give himself up, and let the Order decide to what work he shall be put. This voluntary self-surrender is one of the basic stones in the formation of any Religious Order, to make us free to serve God as He directs us, the glorious liberty of the sons of God. Laymen who have the ability, as judged by the Order, must be prepared to go to the priesthood, because it is the general purpose of the Order to develop each man to the full extent for the service of the Kingdom. Many men who originally entered Holy Cross as brothers are now priests. The contribution and enriching of the life of both the Community and the individual is inestimable, since the center of our life as Religious (or simply as members of Christ's Holy Catholic Church) is participation in the Holy Eucharist, the offering of ourselves in and with Jesus our great High Priest in His own perpetual Sacrifice of the Mass.

Next to the Holy Sacrifice, the offering of the praise of God in choir through the office of the Breviary (the traditional seven Day Hours, with the

ight Office of Matins) is the strength and framework of our vocation as monks. The psalms and the hymns and the prayers, chanted in the liberating freedom of plainsong, rise and diminish through the hours of the whole day, for the souls of men as well as the holy worship of God. Brothers who can sing participate in the leading of these Offices as Precentors for the psalm tones and hymn tunes. Everyone at Holy Cross sings the Office when at home.

Normally the length of training for the Profession is the same for brothers as for priests, though the two year period of Junior Vows may be extended beyond the two year period for other laymen or priests. The Junior Vows follow a two and one-half years novitiate, in which both priests and laymen attend classes in the ascetic life, the Rule of the Order, theology and basic dogmatics are given to laymen (the doctrines of the Church), and other subjects related to the life of Holy Religion.

It is to the advantage of all concerned that laymen get as much education as possible before entering the postulancy (the beginning stage within the Community). Those who have a definite vocation to the priesthood normally are told to complete seminary and Ordination before seeking to enter. Rarely is this requirement broken. Those who have completed their education as far as they intend to go, however, and who are of sufficient age, may seek a vocation. But they must be prepared to go on to further study in college, if the Order deems it wise. Once study after entrance is more difficult, it is better to finish college if at all possible before coming to Holy Cross. But a college degree or even

time spent in college is not a necessary requirement for entrance into an Order, unless it is an order devoted solely to teaching or some other work which necessitates a degree. Anyone who has gone as far as he thinks he can educationally, and is of sufficient age and good character, and in good health, can be an asset to the Order of the Holy Cross, and can participate to the full extent of his abilities in the prayer life of the Order, and such work or training as the Superior of the Order wishes to assign to him.

But it must always be remembered that, whatever other work a brother may be given to do, for him as well as the priests the chief vocation is to prayer—praying in the silence of God's House, in the atmosphere of separation from earthly dissonances and the rush of unquiet business. The joy of speaking to God for men, and praising Him in a world lost in its own shame, silent with the burdens of ignorance and vice; of living day by day and moment by moment in the company of those who, though frail men themselves, have given their all to the God of their souls, who are gradually being transformed into the more perfect image and likeness of the One they follow—this is the secret of the Religious Life, for brothers and for priests. God has called us, and has come to us, and we are serving Him under the Vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience as you read this article. 'Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you . . . follow Me.' If you hear this call, come! In the meantime pray for us, as we pray for you. And share the work of the Order of the Holy Cross, knowing our motto: The Cross is the Medicine of the world. ●



# COMMUNITY NOTES

**W**E ARE happy to report growth in our Holy Cross Family. In February four new Postulants were received. On St. Patrick's Day three priests were clothed as Novices. On St. Joseph's Day, Fr. Murray Belway took his Junior Vows. And finally on Easter Tuesday Fr. Allan Smith made his Life Profession. This is all a matter for great rejoicing and thanksgiving.

Fr. Tiedemann conducted a School of Prayer early in March at All Hallows' Church, Toronto. Fr. Terry held a Quiet Day and preached at St. Mary the Virgin, New York, and conducted a Retreat at Philadelphia Divinity School.

Fr. Hawkins had a busy time in March, which included a Retreat for the Albany Deanery Clericus at Greenville, N. Y., and a Mission at St. Andrew's Church, Harrington Park, N.J. At the latter he was assisted by Br. Francis, who took the Children's Mission. Fr. Hawkins then went to the Church of the Messiah, Detroit, for the Holy Week Preaching.

Fr. Parsell gave talks on Liberia at the Seamen's Church Institute in New York, and at Christ Church, Hudson, N.Y. He also held a Quiet evening and preached at the Church of the Good Shepherd, Rosemont, Penna.

Fr. Turkington was also away from the House a good part of March. He gave a Quiet Day and preached at Grace Church, Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y., a Mission at St. James' Cathedral, South Bend, Ind., and a Quiet Day and Addresses at St. John's Church, Norristown, Penna.

## St. Andrew's

Fr. Baldwin during March gave Missions for both adults and children at Truro Church, Fairfax, Va., and

St Paul's Church, Chattanooga, Tenn. He also conducted a Retreat for laymen at the DuBose Conference Center in Monteagle, Tenn.

### **Bolahun**

Fr. Turkington is flying to England on May 4th on his way to the African Mission. After a visit in England he will fly to Liberia, where he will be in charge of the Mission while the Father Prior, Fr. Atkinson, comes home on leave to be present at our Chapter in August.

Because of the shortage of teachers, Fr. Bessom is now spending most of each week at Bolahun, taking classes in the school. He returns to Vezala for Saturdays and Sundays. We hope that in June we shall be sending out new teachers to relieve the situation.



We have received a picture of our former student and teacher, Justin Manley, as he works in Israel. Justin has been connected with the Mission for over thirty years. When his father was headmaster, he went to our

schools. Years later he taught at Bolahun and Gondolahun. Lately he has been working in Sierra Leone with the Church Mission in Temne country at Port Loko. However, he was awarded an agricultural scholarship to Israel for fifteen months. We are very pleased to receive his accounts of Christmas at Nazareth and Easter Communion at the same holy site.

### **Mount Calvary**

Fr. Packard, the Prior, early in March held a Quiet Day at St. Edmund's, San Marino, Calif. Later in the month he conducted a School of Prayer at the Church of the Advent, San Francisco, and did the Holy Week Preaching at the Church of the Ascension, Pueblo, Colo.

Bp. Campbell administered Confirmation at St. Mary's Church, Lompoc, California.

Fr. Adams held Missions at St. Luke's Church, Gresham, Ore., and Trinity, Seattle. He also conducted a School of Prayer at Bremerton, Ore., and a Quiet Day at Gresham. He preached the Three Hours at the Church of the Advent, San Francisco.

Before returning to West Park to prepare for his Life Profession, Fr. Smith conducted a School of Prayer and Children's Mission at St. David's Church, San Diego.

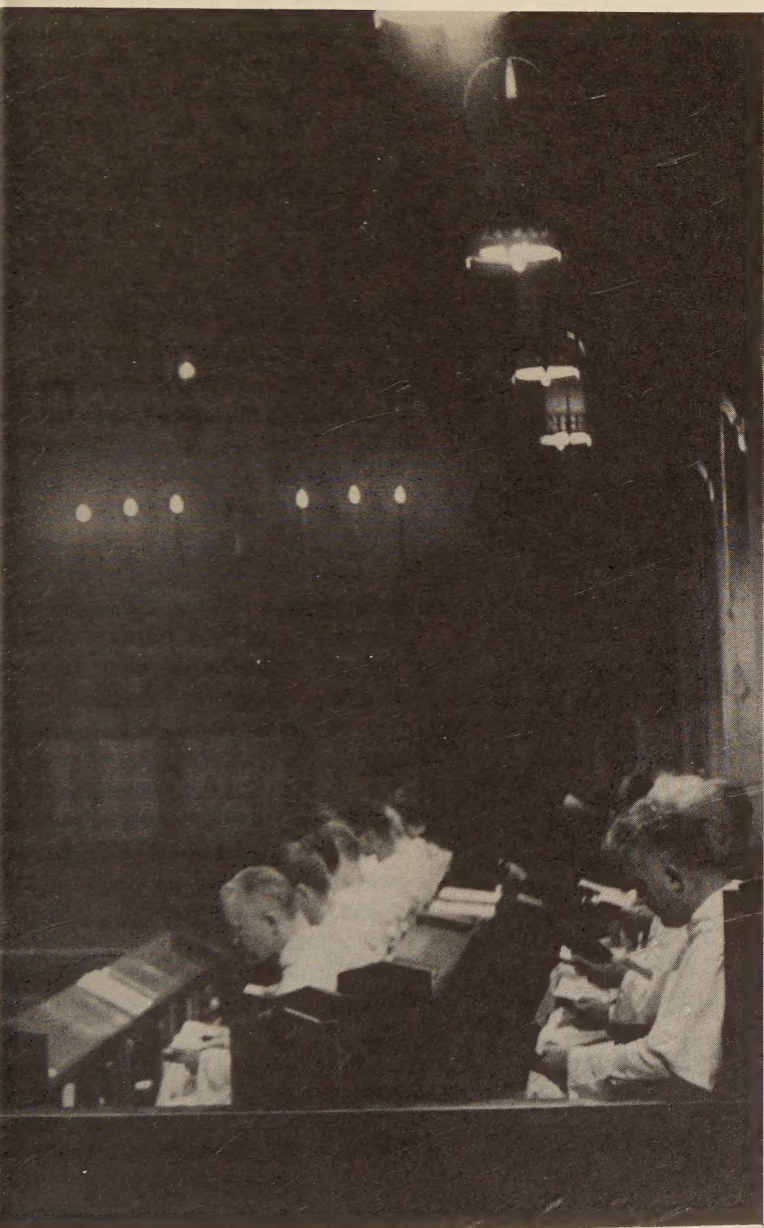
### **Order of St. Helena**

In Lent the days lengthen, and as the liturgy looks forward to the Passion and Resurrection, the green things begin to stir in the earth, the last rags of snow depart, and our missions and guests multiply. We always rejoice to be able to share Holy Week, with its offices set in a background of silence, with our guests.

*(Continued on page 214)*







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Now that the old chapel has been converted into a reception room, the old reception room has become a new classroom for novitiate instruction, and a library annex. Sunday afternoon guests, who often come to tea and Vespers and Benediction, included this month a group of young people from the Methodist Church of Cornwall, with their pastor. They came asking to see the new chapel and to have its symbolism explained.

Sister Alice spent some time in Georgia this month. It was her first visit to the scene of the new foundation and she has begun plans for converting a small house into a convent and its garage into a chapel.

The novitiate had a wonderful mid-Lent treat when a friend sent us tickets for the opera. For many of them it was their first experience of grand opera at "the Met." They heard "Tristan and Isolde." For several days afterwards one could detect a slightly different quality in the singing of the office.

All sorts of preparations went on for the Great Week: sacristy ironing and polishing and arranging, extra choir practices, ceremonial practices and special lessons for the novitiate helped prepare us all for the beautiful liturgy of Holy Week. Father Superior, who made his visitation in Passiontide, drew us some lovely symbols for Palm Sunday, Maundy Thursday, Good Friday and Easter Evening and one of the Sisters was asked to give a brief instruction after Vespers on the evenings before these observances.

Father Parsell, O.H.C., our confessor, was celebrant at the Palm Sunday liturgy; Brother Francis and Father Ryan assisted him. We were able to



ave the procession this year, through  
 the curving cloister that looks on the  
 mountains and leads into the chapel.  
 Fr. Parsell also officiated at the lit-  
 urgies of Maundy Thursday and Good  
 Friday. On Easter Even, for the first  
 time, we had the whole of the re-  
 stored Vigil, including the midnight  
 Mass. Fr. Brand, curate at St.  
 George's, was the celebrant.

The new chapel transformed every-  
 thing. The darkness of Easter Even  
 was still and uncrowded, and the  
 lights shone out, one by one, as the  
 paschal candle shared its light and  
 began to dispel the darkness, reach-  
 ing at length into every corner with  
 the *Lumen Christi*, the Christ life,  
 risen anew in every heart.

### VERSAILLES

Mid-March including Refreshment  
 Sunday, is indeed a time of refresh-  
 ment at our Versailles convent and  
 school. Our Lord blesses these ten  
 days of quiet, and uses them to re-  
 newish our strength to the end that  
 we may serve Him better in the days  
 to come. Each of us makes her March  
 retreat, which seems to gain a special  
 blessedness from the quiet of the  
 days before and after. Two of us  
 spent a day in Lexington, one study-  
 ing at the University Library, while  
 the other conferred with teachers of  
 her subject in their offices, and came  
 home with an armful of borrowed  
 books. The University Canterbury  
 House provided the two sisters with  
 instant coffee and a quiet place to  
 eat their sandwiches at lunch time,  
 and a chapel where they could say  
 their offices. This reminds us to re-  
 port that the Canterbury Club from  
 Pennsylvania College came to Ver-  
 sailles to tea one Sunday afternoon

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in February, and stayed for Vesper Evensong, and supper at school.

The vacation has given one sister time to make a start on writing novel about convent life; there was dip in the swimming pool before was drained for cleaning; we planned an outdoor picnic, which turned into a kitchen picnic at school on account of the near-icy temperature of the first official day of Spring; we did pruning and digging out of doors; and five of us had half-hours of basketball practice the first Sunday evening and on St. Joseph's Day.

Our basketball ambitions have been whetted by the sight of our two neighbors, Sisters of Divine Providence, shooting baskets of a week end when their pupils were at home. Several of us also played on the faculty team which met the 8th and 9th grades in a game late in February. Next year we should take on the 9th and 10th grades, who are taller as we won this game by an immoderate score. Our student varsity team visited two nearby schools for Play days the last two Thursdays of the winter term. The second game came the evening before vacation began. Evening study hall had been put off of the way in the afternoon, and the corporate purposeful activity provided a welcome outlet for the bubbling excitement about going home.

Individual students and teachers have been making week-end retreats at the convent. Sister Joan gave ten meditations for the Lenten Quiet Days of the Guild of St. Helena in Louisville, March 16th.